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July 2019

The R---L Lover

Peter Pindar (1738-1819)

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Recommended Citation

Pindar (1738-1819), Peter, "The R---L Lover" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 75.
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THE R---L LOVER,

OR,

THE ADMIRAL ON A LEE SHORE.

WHAT! leave a woman to her tears?
Your faithful friend for twenty years;
One who gave up her youthful charms,
The fond companion of your arms!

Brought you ten smiling girls and boys,
Sweet pledges of connubial joys;
As much your wife in honor's eye,
As if fast bound in wedlock's tie.

Your *G—ce*, no doubt, has often read,
When love gets in an old man's head,
So sharp he feels the madd'ning pain,
It makes him quite a child again.

Such was, I hear, the hapless case
That recently befel your *G—ce*;
The passion thro' your blood ran strong,
Inspir'd by Wealth and *T—y L—g*.

But first, perhaps, when drinking deep,
You saw the maiden in your sleep;
Her glittering wealth, the darling prize,
Dazzled your aged, love-sick eyes.

Have you not given the strongest proof
Of honor, honesty, and truth?
Who dare your constancy deride?
Has it not twenty years been try'd?

Thus he resolv'd without delay,
To see the maid that very day;
State the disorder of his soul,
And cut out *Mister W—ly Pole*.

Arriv'd, and fill'd his *R—l G—ts*,
Crack'd all his jokes, and all his nuts,
He ask'd to be allow'd the bliss
To speak a private word to *Miss*.

The happy moment now arrived
By ingenuity contrived;
He calls up flattery to his aid,
And thus address'd the list'ning maid:

Not *Kilworth's Lord* nor *W—ly Pole*
Love half so well, upon my soul;
With either, or with both I'll fight,
And send 'em challenges to night.

Then tell me, dearest girl, I pray,
Can you to *R—lly* say Nay,
Will you deny my fond request,
And plunge a dagger in my breast?

The maiden heard him with a sigh,
And this her modest just reply;—
Sir, if your passion is sincere,
I feel for one that is not here;

One who has been for years your pride,
And is or ought to be your bride;
Shar'd with you all your cares and joys,
The mother of your girls and boys.

'Tis cruelty the most refin'd,
And shews a mean ungenerous mind,
To take advantage of your power,
And leave her like a blighted flower.

Return to *Mistress J—'s* arms,
Soothe her, and quiet her alarms;
Your present differences o'er,
Be wise, and play the fool no more.

Not more surpriz'd did *Romeo Coates*
Hear the loud laugh from noisy throats;
When to amuse *John Bull*, he play'd
Lothario, that gay faithless blade.

Not with more horror, *Plomer's Knight*
Receiv'd the news of *Walsh's* flight;
Not more did *Walsh* with terror stare,
When *Atkins* caught him in the snare.

Ah! what avails my hopes and fears,
My sighs, my pleadings, and my tears,
Treats to the ball, the park, and play,
All time and money thrown away.

Ah! had I fram'd a billet doux,
As ancient lovers us'd to do,
Or got my brother *Y—k* to write
Something of *darling* and *delight*.

Such language might have charm'd her mind,
And made the stubborn fair one kind.
The damsel then with all her charms,
Had blest these now forsaken arms.

Oh! *Peggy*, once my care and pride,
Alas! too rashly thrown aside;
Now you may smile with scornful face,
And triumph in a *D—ke's* disgrace!